Sol was conscious of a significant feminine

pressure on his right arm. He was equal to the

emergency. "I think not," he said dublously.

unless your brother's hair is much darker

than yours. Yes! now I look at you, yours is

brown. He has a mole on his right cheek,

prother. It couldn't be him-

nary mole. Come along!"

of a pine tree.

breathlessly.

woman's wail!""

and nothing happens."

of old 'Table' at night.'

suggested Mrs. Sol.

self blushed rosily.

two peas, in looks,"

me when I began?"

that he denied knowing you."

him, and I think Phemie does, too."

ng her hands.

"It must be lovely!" said Euphemia, clasp

"It is that," said Rand, proudly, "It's four

rears since Ruth and I took up this yer claim.

haven't left it alone a night, or cared to. It's

only big enough for two, and them two must be

brothers. It wouldn't do for mere pardners to

live here alone—they couldn't do it. It wouldn't

be exactly the thing for man and wife to shut

themselves up here alone. But Ruth and me

know each other's ways, and here we'll stay

until we've made a pile. We sometimes—one o

us-takes a pasear to the Ferry, to buy pro

You're quite out of the world here, then?

That's it-just it! We're out of the world.

ut of rows, out of liquor, out of cards, out of

bad company, out of temptation. Cussedness

and foolishness her got to follow us up here to

find us, and there's too many ready to climb

down to them things to tempt 'em to come up

There was a little boyish conceit in his tone

s he stood there, not altogether unbecoming

his fresh color and simplicity. Yet when his

he hardly knew why, and the young lady her

eyes met those of Miss Euphemia, he colored.

When the nest cabin, with its decorated wall-

and squirrel and wildcat skins, were duly ad-

mired, the luncheon basket of the Saunders party was reënforced by provisions from Rand's

larder and spread upon the ledge, the dimen-

sions of the cabin not admitting four. Under

the potent influence of a bottle. Sol became

hilarious and professional. The "Pet" was

induced to favor the company with a recitation.

and, under the plea of teaching Rand, to per

there was an interval, in which Rand and Eu-

phemia wandered a little way down the moun-

siests on a rock, and Mrs. Sol to take some knit-

rm the clos dance with both gentlemen

ting from the basket and sit beside him.

Do you think that was the brother?

Why didn't you tell him so, then?"

being here, and I supposed Ruth was a woman.

and perhaps Pinkney's wife, and knew you'ld

be putting your foot in it by talking of that

other woman. I supposed it was for fear of

a twin brother, he looked so frightened that I

knew he knew nothing of his brother's doings

with that woman, and I threw him off the scent

He's a good fellow, but awfully green, and I

'Nonsenso!" He's a conceited prig! Did you

hear his sermon on the world and its tempta

come up to him in the person of us profes

sionals, out on a picnic. I think it was posi-

slights and insuits. I tell you, he's taken a

shine to Phemie, and he's as good as four seat

and a bouquet to that child next Wednesday

vening. To say nothing of the celat of getting

"Stylites, off from his pillar here. I'll bave a

The hermit twins of Table Mountain be-

"One of them being the protector of the well-

known Mornie Nixon," responded Mrs. Sol.

viciously accenting the name with her anitting-

"Rosey, you're unjust. You're prejudiced by

the reports of the town. Mr. Pinkney's interest

in her may be a purely artistic one-although

mistaken. She'll never make a good variet

actress-she's too heavy. And the boys don't

have the front row in the pit say to her, in the

sleep-walking scene. You're out rather late

Mornie. Kinder forget to put on your things,

didn't you? Mother sick, I suppose, and you're

goin' for more gin? Hurry along, or you'll

ketch it when ye get home.' Why, you couldn't

paragraph in the paper, that the hermit crab-

this St. Simeon-what do you call him-Stalac-

'Stylites," suggested Mrs. Sol.

of Table Mountain-

to it yourself, Hosey!"

produced no effect.

'Don't be a fool, Soil"

spoke the chaste performance."

want to worry him with tales. I like

Weil, when he-this Rand-told me he had

and raised this shanty. In that four years we

benignly.

his hands. He did not eat, but simply transferred his inattention from the door to the table You're workin' too many hours in the shaft."

continued Rand. "You're always up to some such -- fool business when I'm not ver." "I dipped a little west to-day," Ruth went on without heeding the brotherly remonstrance

and struck quartz and pyrites." Thet's you-allers dippin' west or east for quartz and the color, instead of keeping on plumb down to the 'cement!' "* Wo've been three years digging for cement,

said Buth, more in abstraction than reproach three years!" And we may be three years more-may be

only three days. Why, you couldn't be more impatient if—if—if you lived in a vailey." Delivering this tramendous comparison as an

unanswerable climax, Rand applied himself once more to his repast. Buth, after a moment's pause, without speaking or looking up, disengaged his hand from under his chin and slid it along, palm uppermost, on the table beside his brother. Thereupon Rand slowly reached forward his left hand, the right being engaged in conveying victuals to his mouth, and laid it on his brother's palm. The act was evidently an habitual, half-mechanical one, for in a few moments the hands were as gently disengaged without comment or expression. At last Rand leaned back in his chair, laid down his knife and fork, and complacently loosening the belt that held his revolver, threw it and the weapon on his bed. Taking out his pipe, and chipping some tobacco on the table, he said, carelessly 'I came a piece through the woods with Mornie The face that Ruth turned upon his brother was very distinct in its expression

at that moment, and quite belied the popular theory that the twins could not be told apart That gal," continued Rand, without looking up, " is either flighty, or-or suthin'," he added in vague disgust, pushing the table from him as if it were the lady in question. " Don't tell

Ruth's eyes quickly sought his brother's, and were as quickly averted, as he asked hurriedly How?"

What gets me," continued Rand in a petuiant non sequilar, " is that you, my own twin brother, never lets on about her comin' yer, permiskus like, when I ain't yer, and you and her gallivantin' and promanadin', and swoppin sentiments and mottoes." Buth tried to contradict his blushing face with

a laugh of worldly indifference. She came up yer on a sort of pasear-

"Oh, yes !- a short cut to the creek," interpolated Rand, satirically,
"Last Tuesday or Wednesday," continued

Buth, with affected forgetfulness.
"Oh, in course, Tuesday or Wednesday, or

Thursday! You've so many folks climbing up this yer mountain to call on ye," continued the tronical Rand, "that you disremember; only you remembered enough not to tell me. She did! She took me for you, or pretended to." The color dropped from Ruth's cheek.

Took you for me?" he asked, with an awa

Yes," sneered Rand, "chirped and chatter ed away about our pienie, our nosegays, and Lord knows what! Said she'd keep them blue jay's wings and wear 'em in her hat. Spouted poetry, too; the same sort o' rot you get off now and then.' Buth laughed again, but rather ostentatiously

and nervously.

Ruth faced his brother.

What's your little game? Do you meen to say you don't know what thet gal is? Do you mean to say you don't know that she's the laughing stock of the Ferry; thet her father's a d-d old fool, and her mother's a drunkard. and worse-thet she's not got any right to be hanging round yer? You can't mean to marry her, even if you kalkilate to turn me out to do it, for she wouldn't live alone with ye up here. Tain't her kind. And if I thought you was thinking of -

What?" said Ruth, turning upon his brother quickly.

Oh, thet's right! Holler! Swear and yell, and break things, do! Tear round," continued Band, kicking his boots off in a corner, "just because I ask you a civil question. That's brotherly." he added, jerking his chair away against the side of the cabin, " ain't it?"

She's not to blame because her mother drinks and her father's a shyster," said Ruth, samestly and strongly. "The men who make her the laughing stock of the Ferry tried to make her something worse and failed, and take this snoak's revenge on her. ' Laughing stock! Yes, they knew she could turn the tables on

"Of course; go on! She's better than me: I know I'm a fratricide, that's what I am," said Rand, throwing himself on the upper of the two berths that formed the bedstead of the cabin. I've seen her three times," continued Ruth.

"And you've known me twenty years," interrupted his brother. Ruth turned on his heel and walked toward the door.

That's right: go on! Why don't you get the chalk ?" Ruth made no reply. Rand descended from

the bed, and taking a piece of chalk from the shelf, drew a line on the floor, dividing the cabin in two equal parts. You can have the east half." he said, as he

climbed slowly back into bed. This mysterious rite was the usual termination of a quarrel between the twins. Each man kept his half of the cabin until the feud was forgetten. It was the mark of silence and separation, over which no words of recrimination. argument, or even explanation were delivered was considered contralent to anchors or recon-

ciliation, which each was equally bound in honor to accept. It may be remarked that the floor was much whiter at this line of demarcation, and under the fresh chalk line appeared the faint evi-

dences of one recently effaced.

Without apparently heeding this potential ceremony, Ruth remained leaning against the doorway, looking upon the night, the bulk of whose profundity and blackness seemed to be gathered below him. The vault above was serene and tranquil, with a few large far-spread stars; the abyss beneath, untroubled by sigh or sound. Stepping out upon the ledge, he leaned far over the shelf that sustained their cabin, and listened. A faint rhythmical roll. rising and falling in long undulations against the invisible horizon to his necustomed ears, told him the wind was blowing among the pines in the valley. Yet, mingling with this familian sound, his ear, now morbidly acute, seemed to detect a stranger inarticulate murmur, as of confused and excited voices, swelling up from the mysterious depths to the stars above, and again swallowed up in the gulfs of silence below He was roused from a consideration of this pheomenon by a faint glow toward the east, which at last brightened, until the dark outline of the distant walls of the valley stood out against the sky. Were his other senses participating in the delusion of his ears? For with the brightening light came the faint odor of burning tim-

His face grew auxious as he gazed. At last he rose and recutered the cabin. His eyes fell upon the faint chalk mark, and taking his soft felt hat from his head, with a few practical sweeps of the brim, he brushed away the ominous record of their late estrangement. Going to the bed, whereon Rand lay stretched open-eyed, he would have laid his hand upon his arm lightly, but the brother's fingers sought and clasped his own. "Get up," he said quietly

there's a strange fire in the caffon head that I Band slowly clambered from his shelf and hand in hand the brothers stood upon the ledge. It's a right smart chance beyond the ferry and a plece beyond the mill, too," said Rand shading his eyes with his hand from force of would have added where he met Mornie, but it was a point of honor with the twins, after reconciliation, not to allude to any topic of their recent disagreement.

Ruth dropped his brother's hand. "It * The local name for gold-bearing alluvial drift—the bad

doesn't smell like the woods," he said slowly. "Smell!" repeated Rand, incredulously, Why, it's twenty miles in a beeline yonder.

ing again with his former abstraction. "You don't hear anything—do you?" he asked, after a pause. 'It's blowin' in the pines on the river," said

Rand, shortly, "You don't hear anything else?"

Nothing like-like-like-Rand, who had been listening with an in neity that distorted the left side of his face interrupted him impatiently. Like what?"

Like a woman sobbin'?" Ruth," said Rand, suddenly looking up in his brother's face, "what's gone of you?" Ruth laughed. "The fire's out," he said, ab-ruptly reentering the cabin. "I'm goin' to

Rand following his brother half represely fully, saw him divest himself of his clothing and roll himself in the blankets of his bed.

Good night, Randy." Rand hesitated. He would have liked to ask his brother another question; but there was clearly nothing to be done but follow his example.

"Good night, Ruthy," he said, and put out the light. As he did so the glow in the eastern horizon faded too, and darkness seemed to well up from the depths below, and, flowing in the open door, wrapped them in deeper slumber.

PART II.

THE CLOUDS GATHER. Twelve months had clapsed since the quarrel

and reconciliation, during which interval no reference was made by either of the brothers to the cause which had provoked It. Rand was at work in the shaft, Ruth having that morning undertaken the replenishment of the larder with game from the wooded skirt of the mountain. Rand had taken advantage of his brother's absence to "prospect" in the "drift"-s proceeding utterly at variance with his previous condemnation of all such speculative essay but Rand, despite his assumption of a superior practical nature, was not above certain local superstitions. Having that morning put on his gray flannel shirt wrong side out, an abstraction recognized among the miners as the sure foregunner of divination and treasure discovery, he could not forego that opportunity of trying his luck without hazarding a dangerous example. He was also conscious of feeling chipper," another local expression for buoyancy of spirit, not common to men who work fifty feet below the surface, without the stimu lus of air and sunshine, and not to be overcoked as an important factor in fortunate ad venture. Nevertheless, noon came without the discovery of any treasure; he had attacked the walls on either side of the lateral "drift" skilfully, so as to expose their quality, without de stroying their cohesive integrity, but had found nothing. Once or twice, returning to the shaft for rest and air, its grim silence had seemed to him pervaded with some vague echo of cheerful holiday voices above. This set him to thinking of his brother's equally extravagrant fancy of the wailing voices in the air on the night of the fire, and of his attributing it to a lover's abstraction.

"I laid it to his being struck after that gal and yet." Rand continued to himself, "here's me, who haven't been foolin' round no gai, and dog myskin if I didn'tthink I heard one singin up thar!" He put his foot on the lower round of the ladder, paused and slowly ascended a dozen steps. Here he paused again. All at once the whole shaft was filled with the musica vibrations of a woman's song. Seizing the rope hat hung idly from the windless, he half climbed, half swung himself to the surface.

The voice was there, but the sudden transf ion to the dazzling level before him at first blinded his eyes; so that he took in only by degrees, the unwonted spectacle of the singera pretty girl standing on tiptoe on a boulder. not a dozen yards from him, utterly in tying a gayly-striped neckerchief, evidently aken from her own plump throat, to the hal liards of a freshly-cut hickory pole, newly reared as a flagstaff beside her. The hickory pole, the halliards, the fluttering scarf, the young lady herself, were all glaring innovaions on the familiar landscape; but Rand, with his hand still on the rope, silently and demurely

For the better understanding of the general reader, who does not live on an isolated mountain, it may be observed that the young lady's se, and a certain exaggeration of attitude that etrayed the habit of an audience; also that her oice had an artificial accent that was no wholly unconscious even in this lofty solitude. Yet the very next moment, when she turned and eaught Rand's eye fixed upon her, she started naturally, colored slightly, utttered that feminine adjuration, "Good Lord! gracious! goodness me!" which is seldom used in reference to its effect upon the hearer, and skipped instantly from the boulder to the ground. Here, however, she alighted in a pose-brought the right heel of her neatly-fitting left boot closely into the hollowed side of her right instep; at the same moment deftly caught her flying skirt. whipped it around her ankles, and, slightly raising it behind, permitted the chaste display of an inch or two of frilled white petticoat. The most irreverent critic of the sex will, I think,

admit that it has some movements that are automatic. " Hope I didn't disturb ye." said Rand, pointing to the flagstaff.

The young lady slightly turned her head. No," she said; "but I didn't know anybody was here, of course. Our party-she emphasized the word, and accompanied it with a look to ward the further extremity of the plateau, that she was not alone-" our party climbed this ridge, and but up this pole as a sign to show they did it." The ridiculous self-complacency of this record in the face of a man who was evi dently a dweller on the mountain, apparently struck her for the first time, "We didn' know," she stammered, looking at the shaft from which Rand had emerged, "that, that---She stopped, and, glancing again toward the distant range where her friends had disappear-

ed, began to edge away.
"They can't be far off," interposed Rand juletry, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for the lady to be there; "Table Mountain ain't as big as all that. Don't you be cared! So you thought nobody lived up here?" She turned upon him a pair of honest hazel eyes, which not only contradicted the somewhat meretricious smartness of her dress, but was utterly inconsistent with the palpable artificial color of her hair-an obvious imitation of a certain popular fashion then known in artistic riceles as the "British Blonde"-and began to estentatiously resume a pair of lemon-colored kid gloves. Having, as it were, thus indicated her standing and respectability, and put an imneasurable distance between herself and her hold interlocutor, she said impressively, "We vidently made a mistake; I will rejoin our

party, who will, of course, apologize,"
"What's your hurry?" said the imperturbable Band, disengaging himself from the rope and walking toward her. "As long as you're

I have no wish to intrude-that is, our party certainly has not," continued the young lady. nulling the tight gloves, and smoothing the plump, almost bursting fingers, with an affectaion of fashionable ease

Oh, I haven't anything to do just now," said Rand, "and it's about grub time, I reckon. Yes, I live here. Buth and met right here." The young woman glanced at the shaft.

"No, not down there," said Rand, following her eye, with a laugh. "Come here, and I'll show you."

A strong desire to keep up an appearance of enteel reserve, and an equally strong inclination to enjoy the adventurous company of this good looking hearty young fellow, made her hesitate. Perhaps she regretted having under taken a rôle of such dignity at the beginning; she could have been so perfectly natural with this perfectly natural man, whereas any relaxa-

tion now might increase his familiarity. And yet she was not without a vague suspicion that her dignity and her gloves were alike thrown away on him-a fact made the more evident when Rand stepped to her side, and without Ruth was silent, but presently fell to listenany apparent consciousness of disrespect or gallantry, laid his large hand, half persuasively saif fraternally upon her shoulder, and said,

Oh come along, do." The simple act either exceeded the limits of her forbearance or decided the course of her subsequent behavior. She instantly stepped back a single pace, and drew her left foot slowly and deliberately after her. Then she fixed her eyes and uplifted eyebrows upon the daring band, and taking it by the ends of her thumb and forefinger, lifted it and dropped it in mid air. She then folded her arms. It was the indignant gesture with which "Alice," the Pride of Dumballin Village, received the louthsome dyapees of the bloated aristocrat, Sir Parkyns Parkyn, and had at Marysville, a few nights before, brought down the house.

This effect was, I think, however, lost upon Rand. The slight color that rose to his cheek as he looked down upon his clay-soiled hands. was due to the belief that he had really contaminated her outward superfine person. But his color quickly passed, his frank, boyish smile returned, and he said, "It'll rub off. Lord. don't mind that. Thar now-come on!"

The young woman bit her lip. Then nature triumphed, and she laughed, although a little scornfully. And then Providence assisted her with the audden presentation of two figuresman and woman, slowly climbing up over the mountain verge, not far from them. With a ery of, "There's Sol, now," she forgot her dignity and her confusion, and ran toward

Rand stood looking after her neat figure, less concerned in the advent of the strangers than in her sudden caprice. He was not so young and inexperienced but that he noted certain ambiguities in her dress and manner; he was by no means impressed by her dignity. But he ould not help watching her as she appeared to be volubly recounting her late interview to her companions; and, still unconscious of any impropriety or obtrusiveness, he lounged down lazily toward her. Her humor had evidently changed, for she turned an honest pleased facupon him as she girlishly attempted to drag the strangers forward.

The man was plump and short; unlike the entives of the locality, he was closely cropped and shaven, as if to keep down the strong blueblackness of his beard and hair, which never theless asserted itself over his round cheeks and upper lip like a tattooing of Indian ink The woman at his side was reserved and indistinctive, with that appearance of being an unenthusiastic family servant peculiar to some men's wives. When Rand was within a few eet of him, he started, struck a theatrical attitude, and shading his eyes with his hand, cried, What, do me eyes deceive me?" burst into r earty laugh, darted forward, selzed Rand's hand and shook it briskly.

"Pinkey! Pinkey, my boy, how are you And this is your little 'prop?' your quarter sec on, your country sent, that we've been tres passing on-eh? A nice little spot-cool, sequestered, remote! A trifle unimproved; carringe road as yet unfinished-ha! ha! But to think of our making a discovery of this inaccessible mountain; climbing it, sir, for two mortal hours; christening it 'Sol's Peak;' getting up a flag pole, unfurling our standard to the breeze, sir, and then, by Jingo, winding up by finding Pinkey—the festive Pinkey—living on it at home!"

Completely surprised, but still perfectly goodhumored, Rand shook one of the stranger's hands warmly, and received on his broad shoulders a welcoming thwack from the other, without question. "She don't mind her friends making free with me, evidently," said Rand to himself, as he tried to suggest that fact to the young lady in a meaning glance. The stranger noted his glance, and suddenly

assed his hand thoughtfully over his shaven chacks, "No!" he said, "Yes, surely, I forget! Yes, I see; of course you don't. Rosy," turning to his wife, " of course, Pinkey doesn't know Phemie—eh?"

No, nor me either, Sol," said that lady warningly, "Certainly," continued Sol, "It's his misfortune! You weren't with me at Gold Hill. Allow me," he said, turning to Rand, to present Mrs. Sol Snunders, wife of the undersigned, and Miss Euphomia Neville, other wise known as the 'Marysville Pet,' the best variety actress known on the provincial boards Played Ophelia at Marysville, Friday; domestic drama at Gold Hill, Saturday; Sunday night, our songs in character, different dres and a clog dance. The best clog dance on the Pacific Slope." he added in a stage aside. The minstrels are crazy to get ber in 'Frisco. But money can't buy her-prefers the legitimate drama to this sort of thing." Here he took a few steps of a jig, to which the Marysville Pet beat time with her feet, and concluded with a laugh and a wink-the combined expression of an artist's admiration for her ability, and a man of the world's skepticism of

feminine ambition. Miss Euphemia responded to the formal introduction by extending her hand frankly with a reassuring emile to Rand, and an utter obliviousness of her former hauteur. Rand shook it warmly, and then dropped carelessly on

"And you never told me you lived up here in the attic, you rascal," continued Sol with a

'No," replied Band, simply. "How could I? I never saw you before, that I remember." Miss Euphemia stared at Sol. Mrs. Sol looked up in her lord's face, and folded her arms in a resigned expression. Sol rose to his feet again and shaded his eyes with his hand, but this time quite seriously, and gazed at Rand's smiling face.

"Good Lord! Do you mean to say your name isn't Pinkney?" he asked, with a half embarrassed laugh. "It is Pinkney," said Rand. "but I never

met you before." "Didn't you come to see a young lady that joined my troups at Gold Hill, last month, and say you'ld meet me at Koeler's Ferry in a day

or two?" ' No-o-o," said Rand, with a good humored laugh. "I haven't left this mountain for two months.

He might have added more, but his attention was directed to Miss Euphemia, who during this short dialogue, baving stuffed alternately her handkerchief, the corner of her mantle, and her gloves into her mouth, restrained herself no longer, but gave way to an uncontrollable fit of laughter, "Oh, Sol," she gasped explanatorily as she threw herself alternately against him. Mrs. Sol, and a boulder, "you'll kill me yet! () Lord! first we take possession of this man's property, then we claim him." The contemplation of this humorous climax affected her so that she was fain at last to walk away and con-

fide the rest of her speech to space. Sol joined in the laugh until his wife plucked his sleeve, and whispered something in his ear. In an instant his face became at once mysterious and demure. "I owe you an apology," he said, turning to Rand, but in a voice estentationaly nitched high enough for Miss Euphemia to overhear; "I see I have made a mistake. A resemblance—only a mere resemblance, as look at you now-led me astray. Of course you don't know any young lady in the profes-

sion?" "Of course he doesn't, Sol," said Miss Euphemia. "I sould have told you that. He didn't even know me !"

School Superintendent, Rand, was worse, The voice and mock heroic attitude of the n high spirits. There was an unnecessary offusiveness in the way in which Euphemia kissed Mrs. Soi-the one woman present who speaker was enough to remove the general emparrassment with a laugh. Hand, now pleasunderstood, and was to be propitiated-which antly conscious of only Miss Enphemia's pres ence, again offered the hospitality of his cabin did not tend to increase Mrs. Sol's good humor -with the polite recognition of her friends in She had her basket packed already for departthe sentence, "and you might as well come along. ure, and even the earnest solicitation of Rand that they would defer their going until sunset.

But wont we incommode the lady of the house?" said Mrs. Sol, politely. What lady of the house?" said Rand. almost angrily.
"Why-Ruth, you know!"

It was Rand's turn to become hilarious. "Buth." he said, " is short for Butherford, my cantly. "I forgot to say," said the Marysville Pet.

brother." His laugh, however, was echoed only by Euphemia. Then you have a brother?" said Mrs. Sol,

timidly glancing at Mrs. Sol. "that Mr. Rand says he will bring his brother on Wednesday night, and wants four seats in front, so as not

to be crowded.' Yes," said Rand, "he will be here soon." A Sol shook the young man's hand warmly. sudden thought dropped the color from his You'll not regret it, sir; it's a surprising, a cheek. "Look here," he said, turning impul-sively upon Sol. "I have a brother—a twin

remarkable performance." "I'd like to go a piece down the mountain with you," said Rand with evident sincerity. looking at Miss Euphemia; "but Ruth isn't here yet, and we make a rule never to leave the place alone. I'll show you the slide; it's the quickest way to go down. If you meet any one who looks like me and talks like me, call him Buth,' and tell him I'm waitin' for him yer."

Miss Phemia, the last to go, standing on the The red came quickly back to Hand's boyish verge of the declivity, here remarked, with a ace. He laughed. "No. sir; my brother's hair langerous smile, that if she met any one who is, if anything, a shade lighter than mine, and bore that resemblance, she might be tempted to keep him with her-a playfulness that brought And leading the way, Rand disclosed the parthe ready color to Band's cheek. When she row steps winding down to the shelf on which added to this the greater audacity of kissing the cabin hung. "Be careful," said Rand, her hand to him, the young hermit actually taking the now unresisting hand of the Marysturned away in sheer embarrassment. When ville Pet as they descended. "A step that way he looked around again she was gone, and for and down you go two thousand feet, on the top the first time in his experience the mountain seemed barren and lonely.

But the girl's slight cry of alarm was present-The too sympathetic render who would rashly ly changed to one of unaffected pleasure as they feduce from this any newly-awakened sentistood on the rocky platform. "It isn't a house it's a nest—and the lovellest!" said Euphemia. ment in the virgin heart of Rand would quite misapprehend that peculiar young man. That singular mixture of boylsh inexperience and "It's a scene-a perfect scene, sir!" said Sol mature doubt and disbelief, which was partly enraptured. "I shall take the liberty of bringthe result of his temperament and partly of his ing my scene painter to sketch it some day. It eloistered life on the mountain, made him rewould do for 'The Mountaineer's Bride' sugard his late companions, now that they were perbly, or," continued the little man, warming gone, and his intimacy with them, with remorse ful distrust. The mountain was barren and through the bige-black border of his face with onely, because it was no longer his. It had professional enthusiasm, "it's enough to make a play itself! 'The Cot on the Crags, Last become a part of the great world which four cene-Moonlight-the struggle on the ledgeyears ago, he and his brother had put aside and in which, as two self-devoted men, they walked alone. More than that, he believed he the Lady of the Crags throws herself from the beetling heights!-A shrick from the depths-r had acquired some understanding of the temp-"Dry up!" sharply interrupted Rand, to tations that assailed his brother, and the poor whom this speech recalled his brother's half-forgotten strangeness. "Look at the proslittle vanities of the "Marysville Pet" transformed into the blandishments of a Circe Rand, who would have succumbed to a wicked, In the full noon of a cloudless day, beneath superior woman, believed he was a saint h withstanding the foolish weakness of a simple them a tumultuous sea of pines surged, heaved.

rode in giant creats, stretched and spent itself in the ghostly snow-peaked horizon. The throng-He did not resume his work that day. He ing woods choked every defile, swept every crest saced the mountain, anxiously awaiting his brother's return, and eager to relate his expe filled every valley with its dark-green tilting spears, and left only Table Mountain sunlit and riences. He would go with him to the dramatic bare. Here and there were profound olive entertainment; from his example and wisdom Ruth should learn how easily temptation might depths, over which the gray hawk hung lazily and into which blue jays dipped. A faint, dull be overcome. But, first of all, there should be vellowish streak marked an occasional water the fullest exchange of confidences and explacourse: a deeper reddish riband, the mountain nations. The old rule should be rescinded for road and its overhanging murky cloud of dust once-the old discussion in regard to Mornic reopened; and Rand, having convinced his 'Is it quite safe here?" asked Mrs. Sol. eyeing the little cabin. "I mean from storms,"
"It never blows up here," replied Rand. prother of error, would generously extend his forgiveness.

The sun sank redly. Lingering long upon the ledge before their cabin, it at last slipped iway almost imperceptibly, leaving Rand still wrapped in reverie. Darkness the smoke of listant fires in the woods, and the faint evening incense of the pines crept slowly up, but Ruth rame not. The moon rose-a silver gleam on the further ridge; and Rand, becoming uneasat his brother's prolonged absence, resolved to break another custom and leave the summit, t seek him on the trail. He buckled on his revolver, seized his gun, when a cry from th depths arrested him. He leaned over the ledge and listened. Again the cry arose, and this time more distinctly. He held his breath; the visions, but we're glad to crawl up to the back blood settled around his heart in superstitious "or. It was the wailing voice of a woman!

suth! Ruth! for God's sake come and help

The blood flew back botly to Rand's cheek It was Mornie's voice! By leaning over the edge he could distinguish something moving along the almost precipitous face of the cliff, where an abandoned trail, long since broken off and disrupted by the fail of a portion of the edge, stopped abruptly a hundred feet below him. Rand knew the trail, a dangerous one always; in its present condition a single misstep would be fatal. Would she make that misstep? He shook off a horrible temptation that seemed to be sealing his lips and paralyzing his imbs, and almost acreamed to her: "Drop on your face, hang on to the chaparral, and don't In another instant, with a coil of rope around his arm, he was dashing down the almost perpendicular "slide." When he had searly reached the level of the abandoned trail. he fastened one end of the rope to a jutting splinter of granite, and began to "lay out," and work his way interally slong the face of th mountain. Presently be struck the regular trail at the point from which the woman must have

"It is Rand," she said, without lifting her hend. "It is," replied Rand, coldly. "Pass the rone tain side to gather faurel, leaving Mr. Sol to his under your arms, and I'll get you back to the

When Rand and his companion had disap "Where is Ruth?" she demanded again, with out moving. She was trembling, but with expeared, Mrs. Sol nudged her sleeping partner. sitement, rather than fear. "I don't know," returned Rand, impatiently Sol vawned. "Sure of it. They're as like a Come! the ledge is already crumbling beneath

our feet." 'Let it crumble!" said the woman, passion-"Will you tell me, my dear, why you stopped "Because something was said about Ruth

Rand surveyed her with profound disgust then passed the rope around her waist, and half lifted, half swung her from her feet. In a few moments she began to mechanically help herself, and permitted him to guide her to a place of safety. That reached, she sank down again. The rising moon shone full upon her face and figure. Through his growing indignation Rand was still impressed and even startled with the change the few last months had wrought upon her. In place of the silly fanciful half hysterical hoyden, whom he had known, a matured woman, strong in passionate self-will, fascinating in a kind of wild sayage beauty, looked upon him as if to read his very tions? I wonder if he thought temptation had

"What are you staring at?" she said finally. Why don't you help me on?" "Where do you want to go?" said Rand quietly.

My dear woman, you're always seeing "Where!-up there!"-she pointed savagely to the top of the mountain-"to him! Where else should I go?" she said, with a bitter laugh "I've told you he wasn't there," said Rand, roughly. "He hasn't returned."

'I'll wait for him!-do you hear?-wait for him! Stay there till he comes! If you won't help me, I'll go nione?"

She made a step forward, but faltered, staggered, and was obliged to lean against the mountain for support. Stains of travel were on her dress; lines of fatigue and pain, and traces of burning passionate tears were on her face her black hair flowed from beneath her gaudy bonnet; and shamed out of his brutality Ranplaced his strong arm around her waist, and, half carrying, baif supporting her, began the ascent. Her head dropped wearily on his shoulder; her arm encircled his neck; her bair, as if caressingly, lay across his breast and hands; her grateful eyes were close to his, her breath was upon his cheek; and yet his only give her a fair show. No woman can make a debut in my version of 'Somnambula,' and onsciousness was of the possibly ludierous fleure he might present to his brother, should he meet him with Mornie Nixon in his arms Not a word was spoken by either till they reached the summit. Relieved at finding his brother still absent, he turned not unkindly toward the helpless figure on his arm, "I don' e what makes Ruth so late," he said. "He's always here by sundown. Perhaps-

To which Mrs. Sol's illogical climax was that Perhaps he knows I'm here," said Mornie bad as Rutherford might be, this Sunday with a bitter laugh.
"I didn't say that," said Rand, "and I don't Rand and his companion returned late, bu think it. What I meant was, he might have met

a party that was piculcking here to-day. So aunders and wife, and Miss Euphemin-Mornie flung his arm away from her with a passionate gesture. "They here! picnicking here!—those people here?"
"Yes," said Rand, unconsciously a little

ashamed. "They came here accidently." Mornie's quick passion had subsided; she had suns again wearily and helplessly on a Mr. Band-Mr. Pinkney, I mean, says the rock beside him. "I suppose," she said, with a weak laugh-"I suppose they taked of me. sunsets here are so lovely," pleaded Euphemia.

"There is a rehearsal at 7 o'clock, and we I suppose they told you how-with their lies have no time to lose," said Mrs. Sol. signifiand fair promises they tricked me out, and set me before an audience of brutes and laugh ing hyenes to make merry over! Did they tall

you of the insults that I received?--how the sins of my parents were flung at me instead of bouquets? Did they tell you they could have spared me this, but they wanted the few extra dollars taken in at the door? No!

They said nothing of the kind," replied Rand, surlily.

Then you must have stopped them! You were horrifled enough to know that I had dared to take the only honest way left me to make a living. I know you, Bandoiph Pinkney. You'd rather see Joaquin Muriatta, the Mexican bandit, standing before you to-night with a revolver, than the helpless, shamed, miserable Mornie Nixon! And you can't help yourself, unless you throw me over the ciff. Perhaps you'd better," she said, with a bitter laugh that faded from her lips as she leaned, pale and breathless, against the boulder.

"Ruth will tell you-" began Rand. 'D-n Ruth!'

Band turned away. "Stop!" she said suddenly, staggering to her 'I'm sick-for all I know, dying. God grant that it may be so! But, if you are a man, you will help me to your cabin-to some lace where I can lie down now and be at rest.

I'm very, very tired." She paused; she would have fallen again, but Rand, seeing more in her face than her voice interpreted to his sullen ears, took her sullenly in his arms and carried her to the cabin. He eyes glanced around the bright parti-colored walls, and a faint smile came to her lips as sh put aside her bonnet, adorned with a companion pinion of the bright wings that covered it.

Which is Ruth's bed ?" she asked.

Rand pointed to it. 'Lay me there!" Rand would have hesitated, but with another ook at her face complied. She lay quite still a moment. Presently she

said, "Give me some brandy or whiskey!" Rand was silent and confused. "I forgot," she added, half bitterly: "I know ou have not that commonest and cheapest of

She lay quite still scale. Suddenly she estend

erself partly on her elbow, and in a strong, firm voice, said-" Rand!" Yes Mornie." "If you are wise and practical, as you assume

be, you will do what I ask you without a If you do it at once you may save courself and Roth some trouble, some mortifiation, and perhaps some remorse and sorrow.

"Go to the nearest doctor and bring him here with you."

"Her voice was strong, confident, steady, and "You can safely leave me until then." In another moment Rand was plunging down the "slide," But it was past midnight when he struggled over the last boulder up the ascent, dragging the half exhausted medical wisdom of Brown's Ferry on his arm.

"I've been gone long, Doctor," said Rand feverishly," and she looked so deathlike when I left. If we should be too late?"

The Doctor stopped suddenly, lifted his head, and pricked his cars like a hound on a peculiar "We are too late," he said, with a slight professional laugh Indignant and horrified, Rand turned upon

"Listen," said the Doctor, lifting his hand,

Rand listened; so intently that he heard the familiar mean of the river below, but the great stony field lay silent before him. And then orne across its bare barren bosom, like its own articulation, came faintly the feeble wait of a [TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT SUNDAY'S SUN.]

MRS. BOWNES STRANGE PREIR

abducting a Little Boy from his Home while in a Fit of Hysteria. Mary Fedelia Bowne, a pale, delicateooking woman, of ladylike appearance, dressed

in black, was charged before Justice Flammer, yesterday morning, with kidaapping Adolp Breidenheid, aged 5, the son of a barber at 644 Third avenue. Policeman Planigan testified: "My attention

was called last night to this woman, who was leading this little boy by the hand. They were walking through Chatham square, and sh been seen to enter the Grant House at 48 No. Powery. She had insist of that if was the Howard Mission, and that God had directed her sters

"I stepped up to them," continued Policeman "and addressing the b that your mother, sonny?" Before I could go an answer the woman tried to drag him away saying that he was her son. I stopped the boy, however, and then the woman walked quicking 'That is not my mother,' the boy answered. 'My name is Adolph Breidenheid, and my papa lives at 614 Third avenue. The woman took me away to-night as I was playing outsid my papa's store.' Leaving the boy in charge

my papa's store.' Leaving the boy in charge of some citizen." added Policeman Flonkan. "I ran after the woman and evertook her in James street. I took her to the station, where she acted so strangely that the sergenit was convinced of her insanty."

Addith Breidenheid told Justice Flammer that he was playing in the street when the woman came myte him, she took him by the hand, and forced him along with her. He screamed, but no one paid any attention to him, and the woman walked so fast that he had to run to keep up with her. She went up a dark street, and sut down on a stoon, and hugged him back to his mamma, but she told him she would be kinder to bin tran his generate. Then she walked him very fast down if figure is treets, until the policeman stopped them. He was very tired.

until the policeman stopped them. He was very tired.

Mrs. Breidenheid, a tall, kindly-looking woman who eiting to her bey as if she were afraid of losing him, related hown neighbor halrun in and fold her tiest he had seen hill. Adolph being led nawn by a strange beaking woman. She had immediately run down Thifd nyenge, but had been made to overtake them. At midmith she rice wein relativity from the police nettlying her that little Adolph had been found. found.

Mary Fedelia Rowne said she fived with a Mrs. Neabitt in East Fifty-second street. She soul slie was a Sunday school the formal for gan a rambling talk on the subject of real groun. Dr. Jacason of the Cut Prison said that he did not think the woman was insune. There was no doubt that she was suff-ring from resulting hallucination, but he manned that in the course of a few days she would entirely recover.

A Kind of Critte.

With pomponemien and all the ordinal alr.
He'll say your views are premature not rash,
And with a crave granding or one declar.
That all the verse or later swares track.

To satisfy his minst restricted in 114 One worthy line, one thought supremely new.

He calmiv adds that it appears to bim There's tack of power in oversight Reats. That Stelley's very contained as a diminimal Tempeson the same old some repeats. You asks. " And Swinburger: Well he has some fire

Longicity we to Dahle evin all land of verse."

Lowelly = A transf, and so was Bryant too.
Thek do not write by error, "attaining to tree.
As real and grade or not be always do." Then he will say, to cour intense sur, rise,

That Whittler is a richmoster, very low. And, finally, wall harsh a prittrise The morbid rayman of that "crass Pos." Resetu? "Never made a decent shyme,"

He shricks, while Bret Harte has no loty flight, byren? "A John, he never was subline." And William Merris? "Don't know how to write And as he talks it seems as if the air Were tinfed not with tennyecilingore; Where the or increased it wishing seem to exist and quiver on the floor.

And as you green and dure not add a word,

This critic goody sinites and says to your I write a poem which you hever heard, I think you will admire it, it is now?

Mind Triumphing over Matter. The horse with which a baker named Knobfor h was delivering bread in Jersey City, bulked, and all efforts to start him were unavailing till the baker hought some ears of corn and going ahead of the animal, entired him to follow. In this mainter the baker out-ceeded in making his rounds. SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Husband of a Queen. Mr. MARTIN'S Life of the Prince Consort, now in course of publication by the Appletons, is expanding to unexpected dimensions. The present volume covers only the years 1857-58a period, however, which comprehends the Indian mutiny and the Franco-Italian war, Two years alone remain to be treated, and wa mny, therefore, look forward to the completion of Mr. Martin's task in a fith vol. The wide scope of this work, which is less a

blography than a history of the time, was the

inevitable outcome of the author's purpose, who

had undertaken, not so much to portray what

was known as to reveal what was scarce.

ly suspected by the English people. He

holds that Prince Albert was something mora

than the discreet and amiable head of the

royal household in its domestic rela-

tions; something more, even, than the consummate exponent of the acquirements

the most conspicuous station. Mr. Martin be-

leves that the popular notion of the Prince is

far from doing justice to the high and sub-

stantial quality of his morits—that it has hero-

tofore failed to recognize in the husband of Queen Victoria a statesman of profound saga-

ty, uncerring intuitions, and comprehensive

foresight. It was impossible to reconstruct the

current estimate of the Prince Consort, and

vindicate the biographer's view of what the

Prince was in himself, and of what he did for

England, in the normal compass of a memoir,

Looking back, however, over his four espacious

lustre on

and accomplishments fitted to she

volumes, we cannot say that Mr. Martin has fulfilled his aim. He has not succeeded in demonstrating that Prince Albert brought with him from Coburg a right conception of the English Constitution, or even that he learned to understand it after the rude shocks of his encounters with Lord Palmerston. As his private correspondence with Stockmar discloses, he remained to the end convinced not only that he could govern England setter than any of the Queen's Ministers, but also that his more or less disguised schemes of personal intervention could be well enough adusted to the Purliamentary machinery. Ha ould never be brought to see that the prerogatives of the Crown had, for the most part, shrunk into legal fletions—that, as regards the dynamic functions of government and every-thing except the stage business of royalty, the sovereign of Great Britain must consent to be a more eigher in the State. Neither his menter, ockmar, who confers with his quondem pupil as if the latter exercised a dominant influence and decisive authority in affairs, nor the Prince himself, whose rebuffs and defeats should have anght him better, seems capable of apprehending the true mainspring of power in the existing British Constitution. To the day of his death Prince Albert would have heard with astonishment that the Ministry had lone eased to represent, in any real sense, the Crown: that they represented nothing but the House of Commons, and did, in fact, simply constitute an executive committee of that body. Indeed, unless Mr. Martin has overcolored his picture of a life which he describes as "animated by a noble energy," we must suppose that a perception on the part of the Prince Cansort of his own nullity and impotence in the councils of the nation would have gone far to break his heart. Certainly there would have been nothing "sublime" in that "self-repres-sion" on which Mr. Martin dwells with so much admiration, it Prince Albert and discorned the districted but indisputable fact that no other urse but self-repression was open to him-if e had known that, in their apparent deference to his views, Ministers were only practising an empty courtesy, and that his sympathics, opinions, convictions, arguments, did not, and could of, weigh a feather's weight. In their decision, What may be called the hunger of the Prince mener for political activity has, unquestiontily, contributed very much to the interestal he present volume. He was a titular membe. of the brotherhood of sovereigns, and, powerless as he was at home, it could not be expected that foreign monarchs would detect a fact of which he was himself unconscious. Accordingly, his correspondence and interviews with such autogratic rulers as the King of Prussia he Austrian Kuiser, and the Emperor of the French are significant enough on one side at east, where words betokened the especity of loods. Thus, when Prince Albert discusses Parliamentary machinery with the Regent of Prusale, the former's bleas may seem of ac practical account, but the atter's leanings and when Napoleon III, exchanges views with the austand of Queen Victoria touching the burninurquestions of the Danubian principalities of f Italian emancipation, we follow with eager uriosity the discussions and disclosures of a man in whose mands lay, for a season, the ismes of European peace or war. This volume of the mentalr is especially ric. n revelations of the designs cherished by cer-

place in 1857. Asked by Prince Albert if he really cared for the continuance of the integrity of the Turkish empire, Napoon III, replied that he would be "quite pen and honest." If the question were put to all for Ottomin integrity, and could "not muster up any symmethy for such a sorry set as the Furks. He said, further, must be believed the from 1 Dane to actualize had told the truth when he are dealed from Bassau did not care for non-result of Calestantinople. Health of that, in his opinion, a union of the Danubiat nineipalities would constitute an effectual haror against Russia, a notion the error of walch was sufficiently demonstrated by the attitude and the treatment of Boumania in the late wat To the quary whether he had read D. To runs-ellie's leads on "E'Ancien Régime et la Revo-ution," the Europer answerd that he oil, and pressed its style, but complaind of the difficulty of doing anything in the way of provincial or municipal institutions according that the spirit of the French nation was so monumble contrary to any sof-govern-ment, of which he gave some curious and even indictions instances. He thought however, that what made Francis weak within way er entralization-mode her strong with Here, too, he was mistaken, as the event of leaves were to prove. Another idea of Napoleon on ma to merit netter, because there has been of of colding that better means "of readenss great tenests (other world)" could be founded side of Laters than within. There was Africa in metancia. He would not make of the Meddet cannot us his un in had wished, "a Free's may, but a European basin, "Spain might have Morocco, Santinia a part of Tripol, Eas-burl Europ, and Austrhea part of Syria," with derional? Tama was reserved to swall the Agrerian possessions of France.

Another meeting of sovereigns, about whose

tuin exponents of absolutism at a critical epoch.

and of the negotiations which they sometimes

these to conduct in person, without the inter-

vention of official envoys. Take, for instance,

he visit pold to the Queen at Osborne by the

Emperor and Empress of the French, Prince

Albert, we observe, lost no time in writing down

the heads of the conversation which took place

on this operation. One or two points in the

he reminder, however, that the intervew took

nemorandum are, even now, worth citing, with

volume, took place in the same year at Sixt gars between Napoleon III, and the Emperor lusaring Of course the agents of each times configuraceut that the Interprise had been sough end first the Cor Alexander had commitmany to make the personal adjustance of non-to whom the this "mon trees" due to a ser-ersign by the courts y of European courts had hose estentiationally refused by his father & himself. Not only so, but the Empress of all Dissilas camo, a day after the Corr. to Scangar o most the Emperar of the Preside, who is a part, and refused togo to Charactedt to be the -1 to her. Assorbing to Mr. Marti parvenu Emperor, thrown for the first time t the midst of the royalties of the Almanach de Gotha, distinguished himself by great self-post